

No. 35.-VOL. II.

NOVEMBER 7, 1877.

Price, 10 Cents.

HUMOROUS WEEKLY

Puck

PUCK PUBLISHING CO.

NEW YORK

OFFICE, No 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.

COPYRIGHT SECURED 1877.



HAYES, AS THE MODERN SIR WALTER RALEIGH,  
OFFERING QUEEN ELIZABETH EVARTS A CLOAK BY WHICH TO PASS OVER THE MUD-PUDDLE OF BROKEN PROMISES.



## "PUCK",

No. 13 North William Street, New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One Copy one year, or 52 numbers.....\$5.00  
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....2.50  
 One Copy for thirteen weeks.....1.25  
 POSTAGE FREE.

## OLIVER P. MORTON.

DIED NOV. 1ST, 1877.

NOW lay the great civilian in his tomb,  
 While memories of his earnest work  
 arise,

And bid us pay the homage of moist eyes  
 To worthy deeds. For when in days of gloom  
 Our war-distracted land foresaw the doom  
 That severs all man's tend'rest, holiest ties,  
 There stood this statesman, proud and bold  
 and wise,

And bade the disaffected hordes make room  
 For hearts with rescuing impulse and desire.  
 No party claims him now; in death we know  
 Alone the Nation's friend and Treason's foe;

A master mind that thrilled with potent fire.  
 His vacant chair he leaves—his last bequest;  
 Well-earned through years of toil, he seeks his  
 rest.

## THE ENGLISH MISSION.

So old Simon the Senator is not Minister to England, but Mr. John Welsh of Philadelphia is.

The eel-like manner in which Hayes has got out of the awkward little fix is alike creditable to his ability and his judgement.

Queen Bess Evarts proudly steps over the Hayes mantle of John Welsh's appointment which opportunely covers the muddy water of Simon Cameron's aspirations.

## THE TAMMANY SHOW.

As we go to press, the ballots are being cast for candidates for various offices. It is thus too late in the day to offer any advice to voters. Only let us hope that no Tammany nominees will be elected. We are inclined to predict victory for the coalition, unholy though it be, against this infamous Tammany Institution.

We are not to have dust thrown in our eyes by Mr. John Kelly, because Mr. Augustus Schell, a respectable and honest citizen, has allowed himself to become a puppet of the Boss, and be set up against the ex-prizefighter, John Morrissey. It is bad enough to have to vote for Morrissey; but anybody or anything is better than John Kelly.

As might have been expected, extensive capital is being made out of the proposed limitation of suffrage. It forms a good and timely battle-cry for Tammany. We are not going into the merits of the question itself, but the howl of the prominent Tammany ruffians against it is thoroughly disingenuous. All they want is power, and if it suited them to trample on the great unwashed to do it, they would not hesitate for a moment. Anything, indeed, that would afford them an opportunity of robbing the people under cover of being their friends.

## THE MAN WHO DOESN'T VOTE.

Of course I'm a true-born American, and a true patriot. I believe in the Star-spangled Banner and Manifest Destiny, and the star of empire, and the great American eagle, and other national things by which we distinguish ourselves from the effete nations of Europe—but I had never voted. I scarcely know the difference between a Democrat or a Republican—but I do try to get an intelligent idea of city politics. My success, however, is not so great as I could wish. I read the *Times*. Its editorials are written in a tone of conviction—and then, I think, it must be right. The *World* makes me a doubting Thomas—the *Sun* proves to me that the *Times* is all wrong—the *Tribune* makes no particular impression—and, as for the *Herald*, I can't make out very clearly at what it is driving. Thus was my political mind in a rather unsettled condition. After a careful perusal of the newspapers it dawned upon my addled brain that it was the duty of a reputable citizen to vote. I consulted my neighbor Maloney, who is well-posted in such matters. The indispensable preliminary to recording one's vote, I discovered, was to register.

After learning in what ward and assembly district I resided, one fine morning I presented myself before the board of registry. They eyed me suspiciously, and settled themselves to listen to the perjury which it was a foregone conclusion in their minds I intended to commit.

I didn't commit perjury, but they tried very hard to make me. I actually proved to the board's satisfaction that I was an American citizen, and that I had lived long enough in the neighborhood to record my vote. I left with a light heart. I felt that I could now exercise the glorious privilege of a free-born or slave-born citizen of the United States; although I afterwards remembered that free-born Englishmen and free-born Frenchmen had, too, some privileges in this way—but they are foreigners.

Election-day came it last. I hadn't quite decided which ticket I should vote. I consulted several of my friends, but they all had different opinions. I resolved to make up my own ticket; and, after another careful perusal of the morning papers, I started out. I didn't want to vote too early, because I wished to ponder well on my choice of candidates. I reached an election booth. A fellow with a dyed moustache and a broken nose handed me a ticket. A little further on, two or three other Irish gentlemen handed me more tickets. Several Milesian noblemen were also kind enough to furnish me with the same commodities.

I made up my list; I folded up my ballot; and, after waiting about two hours in a line, I voted for the first time. I kept a memorandum of the names. I showed it to Maloney; he smiled, and told me I had voted for Schell and Morrissey, and for Hess and Loew. "Well, of course I have," and I got kinder mad to think that Maloney should laugh. I now beg leave to give expression to my political opinions.

John Kelly, I am satisfied, cannot elect John Morrissey for Register, unless Max Friedman's Breadwinners' League nominate for Congressman at Large the Independent County Democracy of Tammany Hall. Loew and Rufus Andrews are all very well in their way; but this does not apply to the Seventh Ward machine, so far as Augustus Schell and Simon Stern are concerned.

The attempt to restrict manhood suffrage meets with the approval of all parties—especially the Independent Democratic Republicans, the Aldermanic Conventions, the Brotherhood of Taxpayers, and the Tammany-Anti-Tammany-Republican-Democratic-Extra-Bricklaying-Democratic-Quasi-Freethinkers. The important issue will thus be decided; and I have come to the conclusion that it would be wise

to vote for Morrissey, Kelly and Schell, if not for Schell, Kelly and Morrissey; while, at any rate, there are Kelly, Morrissey and Schell to fall back on.

## Puckerings.

SOME doubt is still cast, it appears, upon Stanley's character and antecedents, and upon his discoveries. We lost a grand opportunity of finding out all there is to know of Mr. Stanley when we failed to nominate him for a fat, well-contested office at this election.

A HAT-FACTORY was burned down in Orange, N. J., last week; and the local coöperative had it: "The Fire-Fiend 'At It Again! He Shoots the Chapeau!! A Loss that will be Felt!!! From which it is inferred, with some show of reason, that Oakley Hall returned from Europe by way of New Jersey.

WHEN a man arises in his bare feet, in the chill November night, to hunt for the goose-grease bottle on the top shelf of the closet, it is not an auspicious moment to seize to inform him that there are two thousand four hundred distinctly differentiated disorders to which the human frame is liable, according to the latest statistics.

"I AM opposed," thunders the short-hair candidate from the South ward—"I am opposed to Disfranchisement. I am agin Disfranchisement, heart and soul. The wretch who wud rob a pore man of his liquor, and sthrive to propaget the bigitted principles of total abstinence, is a divil in human for-r-r-m, if iver there was wan."

APPLE quinces can be distinguished from pear quinces only by their indenting slightly under the pressure of the thumb. And there are moments in a small boys life when he would give a heavy mortgage on all he may owe hereafter to have that fact in possession, if only for the benefit of the farmer who visits his orchard on unexpected occasions.

THIS morning M. McCafferty will arise, and gird himself for the fray, and go forth in all the proud honor of American citizenship, to uphold the glorious palladium of our liberties. And to-night he will lie down in the oblivious retirement of Jefferson Market, with his head wrapped up in sticking-plaster, and moan for Mrs. McCafferty and domesticity.

THE Germans are using corks as a stuffing for bed-coverlets, instead of down. And now, when the Teutonic husband rolls into bed after returning from a lodge-meeting, and his wife sits up on her elbow and sniffs suspiciously the balmy air of night, the old gentleman merely puts his head into the pillow and remarks: "Dem champagne-corg cofferlets vas shmell awfool shtrong tonights, ain'd it?"

How beautiful it is to enter a house where there is a daughter just blossoming into womanhood, and to note the effect of her presence in the domestic arrangements. Everything speaks of her benign presence—the tender and home-like atmosphere of the parlor—the thousand little tasteful trifles—the birds, the flowers, the various graceful feminine adornments—even the abnormal limberness of the sofa-springs and the little round indentation close up to the big one.

## HOME AGAIN!

## THE EX-MAYOR RETURNS.

## OAKLEY HALL OVERHAULED.

OUR reporter happened to be walking up Chatham Street, last week, at about four o'clock in the afternoon. When we say happened, we are not strictly telling the truth. He was in that neighborhood for a purpose, and it fitted him like the paper on the wall—but we will say happened, as it serves our purpose just as well, and doesn't hurt the feelings of the reporter.

Just as the aforesaid representative was coming out of a store, he met a gentleman who wore a full beard, a pair of glasses, an overcoat, a smile, and several other traveling equipments, and said:

"Why, Rocks! No?"

"Ye-e-ss!" was Rocks's immediate reply; and then, without further comment, the pair disappeared, and were next seen chewing lemon-peel, in earnest conversation.

"Why, when did you get back?"

"Sh-h," said the other party, in whom our readers will have recognized, from our accurate description, no other than the ex-Mayor of New York city. "Hush," he said cautiously; "I don't care about having it mentioned, but to tell you the truth, I haven't got back."

"No?"

"Fact."

The reporter then shook the absent ex-Mayor warmly by the hand, and congratulated him.

"Mr. Hall," he said, "you have no objection to being interviewed, I suppose?"

"Not in the slightest," said Mr. Hall.

REPORTER. "Tell me something about your sudden departure from this city."

HALL. "I'd rather not say anything on that subject."

REPORTER. "What was the motive of your departure?"

HALL. "I'd rather not mention it."

REPORTER. "Excuse the personal nature of the question, but are you out of your mind, Mr. Hall?"

HALL. "I guess I am."

REPORTER. "You don't pun as much as you used to, do you?"

HALL. "Oh, pretty much the same as ever, I guess. I pun when there's anything to pun upon."

REPORTER. "You're not afraid of Tweed, are you?"

HALL. "Afraid of Tweed? I'm not even afraid of Cashmere."

REPORTER. "Eh?"

HALL. "Twig?"

REPORTER. "Um—ah—Mr. Hall, you are not going to disappear again, are you?"

HALL. "Oh, yes, I expect to, every five minutes."

(The reporter here kept his eye on the ex-Mayor, fearing that he might slip through a coal-hole at any moment.)

REPORTER. "How did you like Europe, as far as you got?"

HALL. "Do you know where Europe is?"

REPORTER. "Slightly."

HALL. "So Eur ope in geography, I perceive."

REPORTER. "Eh?"

HALL. "Twig?"

REPORTER. "Um—ah! Now, look here, Hall, you're having this thing all to yourself. Are you good at conundrums?"

HALL. "Just my lay."

REPORTER. "Well, here's one. Do you know the difference between a mule's tail and a lemon?"

HALL (after a pause). "I do not."

REPORTER. "You don't? Well, you'd be a fine chap to send out to buy a lemon, wouldn't you?"

HALL. "Eh?"

REPORTER. "Twig?"

HALL. "But what has this got to do with the election?"

REPORTER. "That's what I want to know."

HALL. "Whom are you going to vote for?"

REPORTER. "Say, look here, are you interviewing me, or am I interviewing you?"

HALL. "Any way you like."

REPORTER. "How do you feel, any way, Oakley?"

HALL. "O. K."

REPORTER. "The rest has done you good, I suppose?"

HALL. "Give us one, and I'll feel even better."

REPORTER. "Eh?"

HALL. "Twig?"

REPORTER. "Um—ah! All I want to know in behalf of an anxious public is, what you are going to do, now that you've got back?"

HALL. "Well, I don't mind telling you, on behalf of the anxious public, that I intend to mind my own business as well as I know how, and hope they'll do the same."

REPORTER. "But one moment. Are you eccentric, Mr. Hall?"

HALL. "Bet your life."

(And before the reporter had a chance to say another word, Mr. Hall had mysteriously disappeared in a cab.)

## STATEN ISLAND LAW.

## A SAD BUT TRUE STORY.

A JUDGE and a Constable met one day  
In a liquor store, and the Judge began:

"Say, Pete, I'm broke, do you know a way  
I can strike some racket to pay, old man?"

And the constable winked with his wicked eye,  
There's a clause, you know, in the Sunday law,

That gives us the right as soon as we spy

A man with a gun to snatch him raw,

And fine him

At least Ten dollars."

And the Judge then chuckled and said: "Why, Pete,  
Your head's as level as a head can be,

Just pounce on the very first gun you meet,

And yank the man with the gun to me."

Then the Judge took a drink, and Pete set out

To hunt for some guileless chap with a gun,

And he thought, as he traveled and spied about,

That the Sunday law was capital fun

For a man who happened

To need Ten dollars.

That very same day a party of six

Had left New York and had come to fish

Off the coast of the isle, where Judge Doyle, in a fix,

And short of cash, was preparing this dish.

A merry crew were these six brave men

When they came to fish, with their lines and rods,

But when they started for home again

They weren't so jolly, by very long odds,

Because, as you will find,

They were out Ten dollars.

It happened, not knowing what fishing there'd be,

This crowd had taken a rifle along,

Intending, if fish were scarce—do you see?—

To shoot; and they never once dreamed of wrong;

It was only a parlor-rifle, too,

As harmless a thing as ever was fired,

It was hid in a cover from worldly view;—

Then how—do you ask?—could it have transpired

That this innocent gang

Got stuck for Ten dollars?

They fished all day, and the fish they caught  
Were plenty and thick to their heart's desire,  
And, fishing all day, not one of them thought  
Of taking a hold of that gun to fire.

Night came, and the party, with hooks and bait  
And lines—and eels, were homeward bound.

(But that gun, I mustn't forget to state,

Was being carried all safe and sound

Which accounts, in a measure,

For the short Ten dollars.)

"Aha!" cried a voice in fiendish glee,

As a hand was laid on the sportsman's back,

And there in his might stood Peter G—,

Like a goblin grim on the huntsmen's track.

Nor word spake more, but with terrible clutch

He dragged the man with the gun away,

While the others—their wonder indeed was such—

Looked on and hadn't a word to say,

Little dreaming

Of losing Ten dollars.

Across the road, in a gin-mill grand,

The thick-headed Judge held "legal" sway,

And thither the man with the gun in his hand

Came trembling, and Peter was leading the way:

"Your Honor," he spoke, "I've caught him at last—

You see this dangerous weapon here!"—

And he clutched the harmless air-gun fast,

As he whispered a word in his Honor's ear—

The latter looked up

And remarked: "Ten dollars!"

"Ten dollars—for what?" cried the guileless chap,

Who looked at the rifle all covered and hid.

"For carrying that thing!" and the Judge, kerslap

His hands in his pockets triumphantly slid.

"But it isn't loaded," cried the youth again,

"Besides, it's never been fired off.

And it's in a cover; and we're all good men,

And true—," but the Judge, with significant cough,

Winked at the constable

And said: "Ten dollars!"

Then the rest of the crew came rushing across

To learn of the news of this terrible fine;

"Ten dollars," they groaned, at the thought of the loss;

A few said "No," and the rest said "Nein!"

But the judge wouldn't flinch; (he wanted the cash,

And that is the reason he was forced to insist.)

"You go to jail or you pay!" and that dash

Blank Staten Island judge doubled his fist,

And once more remarked

Rather loudly: "Ten dollars!"

'Mid pleading, protesting, and muttering long,

The crowd turned their pockets all outside in,

And by adding together their wealth, the throng

Succeeded in raising the requisite tin;

But still they objected, and said: "Look here,

This isn't a gun, but a parlor toy;

Discriminate, Judge, and you'll see the thing clear."

But Constable Golden said, "Whodder-yer-soy?"

And the Judge merely

Repeated: "Ten dollars!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Justice had sated her greedy maw—

(That blindfold Justice with one eye oped)—

The Sunday Code, that hasn't a flaw,

Had done its duty—at least, so it's hoped;

But the moral I've learned has caused a grudge

To rise in my heart 'gainst a Whitehall court,

In a liquor store, with a thick-skulled Judge,

And a constable best described as a "sport,"

Who, as a general rule, is in

Very great need of the money, and not

Very particular about how he

Procures Ten dollars.



## PUCK'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

### CHAPTER XIV.

THE SEMINOLES RESUME THEIR DIVERSIONS.—PROTRACTED RECREATION.—AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING OF VAN BUREN'S TERM.—CANADA AS A ONE-HORSE REVOLUTER.—VAN BUREN GOES INTO FINANCE.

The sportive and jocund disposition of the Seminoles manifested itself again in 1835. At their last little *conversazione* with General Jackson, they had agreed to carry their peculiar ideas of civilization west of the Mississippi. But by this time they had changed their minds, and they decided not to attempt a change of climate. They wanted to communicate their determination to the United States Government, so, by way of a delicate insinuation, they caused Major Dade, U. S. A., to depart this life, along with 113 of his men.

Hence comes the expression "Dade as a door-nail."

The government resumed its little chat with the Seminoles. Several regiments of soldiers, specially selected on account of their logical minds and argumentative dispositions, were sent down to engage in a little badinage with the Indians. The latter, however, did not wait for the opening of the discussion. They retired to the swamps in the interior of Florida. The soldiers, following, got their feet wet.

Then they stood on the edge of the marshes and called out that it wasn't fair. The reply of their opponents was couched in classic Seminole, so that its exact purport is not known. But it is believed that it did not coincide with the ideas expressed by the white men.

This airy discussion continued, at considerable expense to the United States, throughout 1836—and did not cease even then. The Seminoles kept on dropping gracefully back towards the centre of Florida, and the government troops kept on following them.

There was, however, this marked difference between the two parties: the Seminoles' feet were on their native bog, and the further they got into the swamp, the better they liked it; while the white men, somehow or other, developed a strange penchant for laying themselves down to sleep permanently in the marshes, and for making researches into the digestive organs of the alligator, who was numerous and proportionately effective in that region.

It cannot be explained with any degree of exactitude how the war ended.

In fact, it has been asserted that it never did end; and that some day the *Sun* alligator-correspondent, wishing to see for himself what an alligator really looks like, will penetrate the gloomy recesses of Florida's innermost swamp, and find a last solitary representative of the majesty and power of the United States still arguing across a swamp with the descendants of the Seminole nation.

In November of 1836, Martin Van Buren was elected President.

Mr. Van Buren was a believer in the divine ordinance of slavery. It would naturally be supposed, therefore, that Providence would be pleased at his election, and would smile on the people who had chosen him to govern them. Every blessing under heaven ought, in the ordinary course of things, to have been expected under his administration. But, somehow, things didn't go exactly right, and, in fact, there was rather what might have been called a panic—not to put too fine a point upon it—as soon as he took the Presidential chair.

That is to say, a panic for those days. Not that any more banks burst than burst nowadays in the regular course of business, but that the people weren't accustomed to that sort of thing, and took it unpleasantly.



A. D. 1836.  
THEN AS NOW.

Congress met to try to relieve the general stringency, but did not succeed in doing anything much, except adjourning and drawing its salaries, which is one accomplishment in which no American Congress, so far, has been in any way deficient.

In 1837 the Canadians got up a small rebellion of their own against England. A Canadian is a sort of one-horse Englishman, cut scant. All the rebellion they could get up was a tart article.

[We wish Canadians to understand that these remarks are not personal.]

Their whole rebellion didn't amount to a row of Connecticut pins, and it would be thought, naturally, that nobody with the slightest self-respect would have cared to take a hand in it.

But the particular trouble with the American nation is that it is sympathetic and big-hearted.

It is true that these peculiar traits don't show up on all occasions. They are not always patent to the inquiring gaze, if we may so express it.

But if there is, by any chance, a particular and special and well-defined period when big-heartedness and sympathetic tendencies aren't called for, that is just the time when the United States comes up beaming.

All the populace along the Canada border arose and took this occasion to call the misguided revolutioners their friends and brothers, and to proclaim that Liberty ought to have some encouragement.

On the excessive and inexpressible freshness of this proceeding it is perhaps not necessary to comment.

The crystal stream that purls forth into the grassy meadows from primeval retirement in subterranean recesses is worldly-wise compared to the man who goes about the world howling to have Liberty encouraged.

You always find him hanging around the outskirts of some bum, off-color revolution, and when the said bum, off-color revolution gets to a head, it is sure to declare that zealous apostle a traitor and an ultra-radical, and to hang him.

This is one of the divine compensations of nature.

The man who wanted to encourage Liberty was out in full force when the Canada rebellion broke out, and he wanted to take up arms and immolate himself on the altar of Freedom.

He should have been permitted to carry out his interesting plans.

But he was not. The government sent several regiments of regular troops to explain to him that it was none of his funeral, and after some time he was enabled to see the force of the government's arguments—numerically speaking.

Thus he was quieted and crowded off, and the British nation was left to crush out the rebellion in its own characteristically benignant way.

The British nation has had experience in crushing out rebellions, and what with the whipping-post, and the bayonet, and the penal transportation system, it succeeded in putting this rebellion alongside of other deceased rebellions in an extremely moderate space of time.

This is the same British nation that is now kicking about the Bulgarian atrocities and the Russian knot.

Towards the end of his term of office, Mr. Van Buren found time hanging rather heavily on his hands. So he got a bill through Congress enabling him to establish various sub-treasuries throughout the country, wherein to deposit the public funds. The exact object of this move is not known. Mr. Van Buren thought it would help business. The only effect on the trade of New York of the establishment of the sub-treasury was its affording an opportunity to a number of highly respectable dealers in peanuts and suspenders to settle on the front steps and work up a fairly steady trade among the errand-boy element of our population.

Such was the wisdom of Van Buren's administration.

The people of the United States thought, in 1840, that they would like a change in the style of administrative wisdom, so they elected General W. H. Harrison to the Presidency.

(To be continued.)

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. XXXII.

BOSTON.



Ya-as, a gweat many fellows have asked me why I didn't go to Boston. It was wather a baw to weply that I had no particular weason for not seeing the place, so Jack Carnegie and I we-

solved aw just to inspect it, to save the twouble of being bothered. We went in a steamer called the Fall Wiver Boat in the evening, and taweled all night. We had a cabin—in the Amerwican language, a state-woom. Don't weally know why they call these things state-wooms; suppose because this countwy is the United States. There is a wather decent sort of saloon on this steamer; and a lot of fellows with bwass and stwinged instwuments play differwent tunes, to pwevent aw passengers getting wearry of twaveling.

Verwy early in the morning there was a terrible wow with a gong, and we got in an aw Amerwican waylay carwiage in a twain, yer know, and arwived in Boston, and dwove to a house called the Twemont. Why do Amerwicans call hotels "houses," I wonder? The fellows tell me that aw Boston is in New England. Doosid gwatifying for a fellow fwom Gweat Bwitamin to find his countwy so appweciaded. Jack Carnegie says Boston is called the cwadle of the wevolution. I don't know pwecisely who wocked this cwadle, but, I believe, severwal centurwies ago, in the time of Alfwed the Gweat, or Oliver Cwomwell, there was a jolly wow, and English twoops allowed Amerwican webels to wule the whole countwy themselves. Some of my gweat gwandfathers, I suppose, must have had something to do with it. Think I wecollect weading about the affair at Wugby.

The people in this town twy to wesemble English people, and make desperwate efforts to pwonounce the language as we aw do. I shall have severwal other things to say about Boston, which seems a tolerwably wespectable sort of town.



## LOST IN THE FOG.



1. Briggs runs against lady in the fog.



2. Turns to apologize. She turns also.



3. "I'll go for her," thinks Briggs. She accepts escort.



4. Under cover of fog, Briggs attempts a gentle hug.



5. Fog still permitting, a kiss is also indulged in.

6. Just then fog clears. Awful recognition.  
"Good gracious, my husband!"  
"Dammit, my wife!"

## Puckerings.

BUCKWHEAT CAKE—  
SHAKE!

"TALMAGE apostrophizes the rum-jug," says the *Sun*. This accounts for some of Mr. Talmage's untrammelled eloquence. But—apostrophizes—apostrophizes— isn't that a sort of a fancy name for a familiar operation?

Oakey Hall has come back, and alone. This is cruel. Is the faithful companion of his wanderings, the wart two inches below the left ear, to be left to pine and fret its susceptible heart-strings in solitude and neglect, in uncongenial London.

It is cold in the fourth floor back hall bedroom of the boarding-house, these nights, and the young man with a flute isn't so limber and expansive with that instrument as he used to be in the balmy evenings of early June.

RICE-POWDER is now made in various tints, to suit the complexion of the wearer. Cronin is having a rich, warm shade of vermillion ground expressly for his most interesting and characteristic feature.

In China they drown the superfluous female babies. This causes a marked appreciation in the value of the surviving feminine population, and puts a check on the growth of the hairpin monopoly.

MONEY may be the root of all evil; but we know two or three members of the journalistic profession who don't seem to find superficiality of soil any hindrance to raising a good square average crop of iniquity.

It is not uncommon, just at this time of the year, to meet in the lobby of Wallack's a venerable gentleman from the provinces, who remarks that New York is greatly changed since he was down here last, in '43; and wants to know where Burton is acting.

ELECTIONS, Josephus Flavius Cook and "Under the Gaslight" have struck New York all at one time. And yet they say this city needs chastening!

THE circus has struck our metropolis, and the local press, so far in advance of the country newspapers, not wishing to become blind worshippers of the ladies with the bare-back legs on a pink horse, have spread themselves on learned treatises concerning the origin, progress and development of the noble sports of the ring, tracing their gay and festive cavortings back to the Greeks and Romans. But none of them have told when that poetic outburst: "Hoopla, here we are again!" first came into use.

THIS is the season when the manager who is devoted to the cause of high art announces his programme for the season, and opens with an emotional comedy from the French. And in about one month, he will revive "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" and after that he will play the great historical drama of "Ye Sheriff and his Merry Men" for a limited number of nights—number limited to one.





### DRAMATIC NOTES.

MASANIELLO still holds the boards at Niblo's. Spectacular vocalism is a success.

MR. BOUCICAULT says we can't spell Comedy. The deuce we can't! K-o-m-m-i-d-e-e—there! Now, take back the charge.

OF MME. JANAUSCHEK's performance of *Brunhild* at the Broadway Theatre, PUCK will give editorial and pictorial report in a future issue.

MISS BLANCHE MEDA made her first appearance at the Theatre Francaise, last Monday night. Our next issue will contain a full account of the festivities.

THAT delicate crystallization of Gallic sweetness and light, "Pink Dominos," is still running at the Union Square, while "The Mother's Secret" is in preparation.

MISS EYTINGE's engagement at the Broadway will open with "Cleopatra." The *World* ought to protect its Obelisk from this base attempt to use it as a gratuitous advertisement.

Now that Sothern and Jefferson are both playing engagements in this city, why don't they combine and give us "Our American Cousin" with the original *Dundreary* and *Asa Trenchard*?

MESSRS. PARK BENJAMIN and B. B. VALLENTINE are the latest American dramatists. The disease has taken them in four acts of local comedy. Their play, "Notions," will probably be brought out during the season.

MISS MAUD HARRISON is to play a round of leading parts in San Francisco, it is announced. Possibly the glorious climate of California will develop the young lady into a full-blown star. If it does, the public will be inclined to put considerable faith in the powers of the g. c. of C.

Two new plays are to be shortly produced, one at McVicker's, in Chicago, called "True Woman"; the other at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, called "The Heiress." Mr. Frederick Clark is the author of both. And the American Drama in the far distance arises and gives a hopeful whoop.

MISS MARY ANDERSON is to appear at the Fifth Avenue on the 12th, opening the regular season. Only one thing has even been urged against Miss Anderson—that she is a phenomenon. But when a phenomenon is young and pretty and talented, phenomenality may be forgiven her.

THOSE who have not seen "The Crushed Tragedian," at the Park Theatre, are here given notice that the "Hornet's Nest" is in preparation. Don't fail to register—that is, we should say—oh, confound elections, any way—we mean that seats may be secured. Go early and often, to avoid the rush.

MISS LOUISE POMEROY's new play "Gemma" is an adaptation, by Mr. Julian Magnus, of a play of Barrière's. The scene is laid in Paris, at the time of the first revolution. It will be

first produced in Philadelphia on the 12th, instead of in Brooklyn, as previously announced. Miss Pomeroy is now rehearsing with her company, and is trying to secure a uniform pronunciation of the *G* in "Gemma".

It is just as well to know these things. Hereafter, the actress who is also a mother will please understand that whenever her child is wanted on the variety stage, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children can take it from her and put it there. That's all. We only to have want this matter made clear.

THE KATE CLAXTON COMBINATION is playing "The two Orphans" through the South. Miss Lillian Cleves Clark is the *Henriette*, and if the Southern critics are to be credited, she has made such artistic progress since her departure from New York that she is rapidly raising her part to the level of prominence of the "leading orphan;" and now the two hapless maidens have an equal hold on the sympathies of the public.

It is not yet decided what will follow "Marriage" at Wallack's. "False Shame" is spoken of. There is a rumor in circulation that "Valentine and Orson" was underlined, but had to be withdrawn, because Mr. Montague, who was cast for *Orson*, would not agree to play the part unless permitted to wear his new blond wig.

### MR. DANIEL HARKINS AS "METAMORA."

MR. DAN. HARKINS is now appearing at the Eagle Theatre in his renowned personation of *Metamora*. To those who have not seen Mr. Harkins in this part we can only speak of his characterization as an exquisite treat. To those who have, to speak thus would be superfluous and also injudicious. Mr. Harkins realizes the true spirit of the noble character it portrays. To all the delicate *nuances* of sentiment he gives adequate expression: the delicate lights and shades of the rôle he reproduces with unerring accuracy. The tender pathos, the delicate coquetry, the unfaltering heroism, the almost morbid modesty of the part are exquisitely interpreted in this most marvellous rendition. There is an elastic grace, a chaste yet half-voluptuous languor about this artist, which eminently fit him for the arduous task he has undertaken. In the flirting scenes he was particularly good; but in the mad defiance of the *Spirit of the Sauerbraten* we thought him somewhat lacking in languorous grace. Mr. Harkins is extremely well supported; the third man in the second rank of supernumeraries being particularly winsome. Only one thing is lacking—Mr. Josh Hart, the Chesterfieldian lessee of the theatre, ought to play one of the Indian chiefs—the one who is killed early in the play. And then the play ought to be altered, so as to permit of his being killed before the curtain rises.

### PUCK'S STAGE SKETCHES.

#### VIII. "RIP."

WE were beginning to grow weary of Palais Royal farce and of Opéra Bouffe; of Wit that smelt of garlic, Passion that hid a powder-puff in the folds of her dress; we had long ago turned away in disgust from the barbaric indigenous drama that chose itself a fitting sign and symbol in its "realistic" oil-derrick; and we were all quite willing to leave Mr. Boucicault alone to revel in the bristling epigrams of that pure and perfect comedy of which the world is not yet worthy, when there arose upon our histrionic horizon a quaint and well-remembered figure, come back to us after strange wanderings in lands across the sea.

It is Joseph Jefferson, or rather it is the metamorphosis of Mr. Jefferson. It is now some ten years since a bright comedian, a clever stock-actor, came across a strange nondescript star part, and by a not very readily explicable process of absorption sunk himself, his talents, his experience in the presentment of a drunken up-river Hollander. He identified himself with the part in the widest sense of the world. It is no more Jefferson; it is an absolute incarnation of *Rip Van Winkle* that slouches on the stage of Booth's after three years of absence.

He comes with a breath of the fresh air of the Kaatskills still lingering about him, slightly heightened by a flavor of Holland schnapps; he comes with his inexpressibly ragged and un-presentable attire, and a character by the side of which his garb is as the raiment of Solomon in all his glory—our old friend Rip Van Winkle.

He is rather a miserable figure, we all know, this father who has to own himself unworthy of his child's pure kiss; this weak sot who rises to the level of healthy manhood only when he submits meekly to the most crushing indignity his wife can put upon him; this altogether cowardly and selfish and irresponsible vagabond—he is undesirable and inexcusable, we acknowledge it; but we can not deny him the welcome that he comes forward, in all his frank shamelessness, to demand of us.

Perhaps it is that some reminiscence of the indolent grace of Irving's page still lingers about him, spite of Boucicault and dramatic exigencies. Perhaps we are captivated by the idyllic atmosphere of the Hudson Highlands, or have permitted our judgment to be blinded by the glamour of a thoroughly American legend, all our own. But it is more probably because each one of us recognizes in *Rip* a significance or a similarity. The men like him because he is the "good fellow" with whom they drank an hour ago. The women love him because he belongs to that class of fascinating and unprincipled scalawags who win and break the feminine heart by mere force of pathetic contemptibility. The critic strives to point out in him an immortal type of lovable iniquity. "This is a Roman faun," he says, "done in Dutch." And thus he salves his conscience.

Mr. Jefferson comes to us this year with a better supporting company than ever before. This is the first time that we have seen the drama well presented in all its parts. The *Gretchen* of Miss Constance Hamblin is a fine performance. She gives a just and vigorous interpretation of the thankless rôle, which has never yet been so well treated. All the honors of the piece that are not thrown into the hands of Mr. Jefferson, Miss Hamblin carries off; and some she even disputes with the star. Miss Minnie Palmer, as *Meenie*, is sufficiently charming to justify the mad infatuation of the young sailor who rushes about in the last act and shivers his timbers and makes unexpected entrances, and is generally rough on the nerves of the audience. But we must express our dissatisfaction with this youth, as played by Mr. Herbert Barrymore. He has cast aside the blue kilt and Knickerbockers which tradition assigns to the part, and has clothed himself in white duck trousers and jacket. Mr. Barrymore is beautiful as the star of morn in those white duck trousers, but there is a void in his otherwise symmetrical personation which the kilt and the Knickerbockers alone could fill.

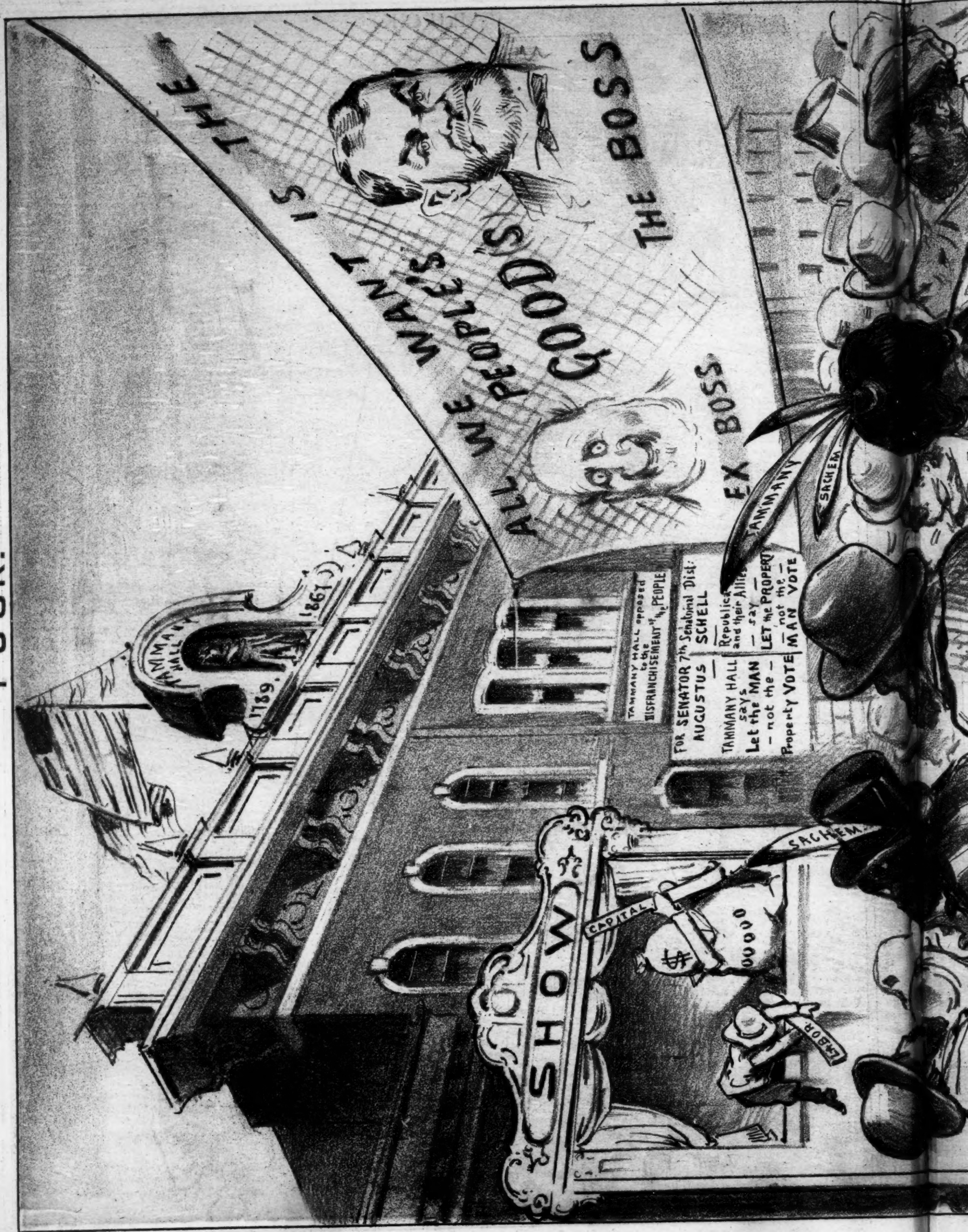
Our artist has sketched *Rip* in some of his most characteristic scenes, and if the pencil has caught anything of the strange charm that has won for this amiable sinner a firm place in the irrational affections of the public, it will not be necessary to invite the attention of our readers to Puck's cartoon of Mr. Jefferson as *Rip Van Winkle*.





I. Keppler









THE POLITICAL FARCE IN FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.



## PUCK'S SENSATIONAL NOVELS.

IV.  
MASHED AND MATCHED.

## CHAPTER I.

AS the eye might reach over burning Libya's golden sands, from shore to shore, aye and from pole to pole, including Greenland's frozen shores and icy mountains—it could not rest on a more beautiful damsel than Angelina Anna Maria de Slack Van de Bummer. She was ineffably lovely. Her eye was of cerulean blue, and shot folly as it flew. Her teeth were of a pearly hue that commanded instant admiration, as no terribly murderous instruments of the dentist had ever marred their maiden exquisite symmetry. Surely never lighted on this orb a more delightful vision. Burke said something very much like the above, but the writer can't help that. Her lips were of roses, every feature more exquisitely beautiful than ever sculptor sculpted, limner limned or poet poeted.

She warbled like a combination of Emma Abbott and Patti; she poetically motioned like Taglioni and Cerito in their palmiest days. Every language was familiar to her as her own native tongue. Did Sitting Bull visit the Empire City, who could greet him in the most polished Sioux like Angelina Anna Maria de Slack van de Bummer?

Russian or Turk, Bosjesman or Esquimaux, Patagonian or Czech, it mattered not, could all open their hearts to the fullest extent to our peerless and adorable heroine.

Such was A. A. M. de S. van de Bummer. She had never loved.

She lived in Harlem.

## CHAPTER II.

FROM far and near the most illustrious sought the hand of the incomparable Angelina in marriage. The Prince of Wales offered to make her the future Queen of England; but when she refused the honor, as she could not give her whole heart, in a fit of pique, he married Alexandra. Nothing daunted by his elder brother's want of success, the Duke of Edinburgh threw himself at Angelina's feet—but to no purpose.

"Wilt thou force me to wed a Russian Grand Duchess?" he demanded, bitterly, with tears in his nautical eyes.

She said "Yes," and he did it.

Alexis, the King of Sweden, Alphonso, of Spain, shared no better fate; while the fame of the fair and haughty Angelina reached to the uttermost of the ends of earth.

Many a youthful local millionaire wended his way to Harlem to try to capture the imperious beauty. Scions of the houses of Vanderbilt and Astor begged only for one little smile. She would not grant it. They left her august presence weeping piteously. They would have made any sacrifice for her.

The Van de Bummer family deplored the unfortunate absence of affection for the opposite sex; but they grinned and bore it.

Love in her heart was latent. It lacked but a developing influence. Yes, she loved at last.

## CHAPTER III.

Angelina Anna Maria de Slack van de Bummer, although immeasurably superior to every other member of her sex, yet occasionally wended her way to the palatial dry-goods stores which grace the thoroughfare of Broadway.

It had been a mild autumn day—the sun was sinking behind the Western Union Offices, when a gold brougham, set with diamonds of the first water, might have been seen proceeding along, at a rapid rate, towards Tenth Street.

A 2:14 trotter was in the shafts, and the Jehu was a Ujjian of the purest unadulterated blood.

In the favored vehicle sat Angelina, a noble but gentle smile playing round her superb mouth.

At the portals of the monarch drygoods firm the brougham stopped, and, like a trifle light as air, and with the grace and agility of a dear gazelle, our heroine sprung into the store.

The floor-walker made obeisance, and in tremulous tones inquired with what she might be served. It was dress-goods and striped stockings for her gorgeous use.

The purchase of the stockings must have a veil drawn over it—but it is of the dress-goods that we have to speak.

A tall, thin, angular young man, with a Grecian nose and a shock of hair which fell in beautiful disorder over his marble brow, exhibited the required fabrics to her gorgeous and delicious eye. He, though struck with her beauty, did not falter in his duty, he thought of Hilton, of the deceased Stewart, and of the shekels that would be his on Saturday night.

She looked into his fishy eye—Angelina was in love; yes, the tender passion had touched that phenomenal heart of hers for the first time.

She leaned over the counter and whispered something in his ear. He blushed and said in solemn tone: "I will."

## CHAPTER IV.

How sweet a thing is love when no mercenary motives inspire it!

Angelina and Horatio Skimpin (late of Stewart's) gazed upon each other. Her eyes looked love to eyes that spake again.

"O god-like Horatio, until I beheld you on that memorable day, I knew not what it was to adore one of the rougher sex."

"Yes, Angelina, I am spoons on you to distraction. Tell me, dearest, how can I prove to you that you are more to me than life itself? One word from those scrumptious lips, and I will return to my yard-stick and eleven dollars a week. One little, microscopic, infinitesimal word will do it. I know that I am unworthy of this avalanche of happiness. Let me prove my worthiness. Let me do something—anything—some heroic deed—make some sacrifice—then can I lead you to the hymeneal altar with a clear conscience. If you don't, I shall feel real mean."

"Mean?—perish the thought!" exclaimed Angelina. "You shall do something for me."

## CHAPTER V.

Pale Luna had just risen over Harlem flats, and bathed that fair suburb in its soft light, whilst ever and anon the gentle zephyrs wafted to the nostrils of the passer-by the delicious perfume from the dumping-grounds in that region.

A tall, solitary figure stalked along, wrapped in a fall ulster—and there was a lingering shadow on the window-shade from the second story of a brown-stone front in 785th Street. It was the shadow of Angelina—and the mysterious figure was Horatio. The hour was midnight.

Horatio pulled something from the capacious pocket of his ulster, and pressed it to his lips—it was a small sample pattern of dress-goods.

"If, then, I can but match this, she is mine for ever! The task is an easy one, and when accomplished I shall feel that I am worthy of her."

[To be concluded in our next.]

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Try her.

PAUL DEAN.—Your contribution is not accepted.

BILL.—We have to remark, simply, that you don't belong to the Bills Receivable family.

VASSAR.—It is not his real name.—2: Yes, he is married.—3: His teeth are false.—4: He will not.

EMIGRANT.—That remote locality where the woodbine twined would be a good place for you to settle, while you are under the baneful influence of the paragraphic fever.

G. L. J.—We are a good many things; but we are not a general gazetteer and a dictionary and cyclopedia combined, and an almanac for 1878. Try to find some one who is, and ask him your little catechism.

B.—All right, gentle youth. All is forgiven. Return to the fold of the faithful readers and true lovers of Puck. No, barring your tendency to play circus with the word "title," your spelling is an honor to the age we live in, and an example to the virtuous.

ABRAHAM G. WRIGHT.—You suggest that PUCK should have an ulster and other garments for the winter season. PUCK, living all the year round in a genial atmosphere of mirth, needs not ulster nor trousers; furthermore, if he did wear the latter garments, he wouldn't call them "pantaloons," Mr. Wright.

RADIX.—Don't come to us with your arithmetical questions. We can't get up the smallest interest in your problem. We don't care if that farmer did buy 490 acres of land at 45 dollars an acre, and we don't want to know how he came out of the transaction. It must have been very bad land, anyway, at that price, and no doubt the farmer was a man who ate with his knife.

HARRY HAREWOOD.—You seem to have some sort of an idea that you are running this paper. Not that we, personally, mind it. We don't object to your light and airy criticisms on the literary management of the paper. If it pleases you to make them, go on. The literary management can stand it. But it isn't safe for you to undertake overhauling our typographical arrangements. If you have any more to say on that head, we will refer your case to the foreman of our press-room. He is six feet high, and 180 lbs. heavy, and of an argumentative disposition.

C. B. McC.—PUCK is a very good model to copy from, but to make a successful copy of anything takes a copyist who knows his business. Because you laugh at a funny anachronism in our "Comic History," it doesn't follow that every anachronism is funny, wherever it occurs. These remarks apply to the interesting contribution with which you have favored us, and which leads us to suppose that you entertain a mild delusion on this point. And permit us further to state that it is not humorous, but only rather flippant and cheap, to speak of Shakspeare as "Shake" and "Shaky."

McDUFF.—It appears that you have to shoulder a still heavier sin than that of sending us an unacceptable contribution. You made your unhalloved attempt under the cover of an honored name—a name that Shakspeare has immortalized, to begin with—and a name to which the brilliant paragraphic artist of Worcester, Mass., adds new lustre. Choose another nom de plume, young man, one that your inferior talent will not desecrate, and cease to offend the high spirit of Macduff of Worcester—Macduff with an *a* and a small *d*—who has written us an indignant letter, praying us, in the name of humor and humanity, to squelch you.



## TEMPTATION AND TROUSERS.

HOW NEW YORK LOST HER OBELISK.

*(Boucicaulted from the N. Y. Sun.)*

## I.

ISMAIL PASHA sat in a shady kiosk close to the waters of the ancient river. Clouds of fragrant smoke ascended from his bejeweled chibouk, but his eyes were fixed upon the printed sheet of paper which he held in his hand. An immense crocodile, an especial pet of the Khedive's, swam lazily up to the bank, and playfully nibbled at Ismail's toes. He heeded not the caress of the affectionate monster, for the paper he read was a recent issue of the *Sun*.

"Ho, Dthemetri!" shouted the Khedive, kicking aside the crocodile and turning to a Greek attendant.

"My faithful ears stretch like india-rubber to receive the impressive words of your Highness," replied the facile courtier, executing a salaam with Oriental grace.

"Here is a Frank," explained the Khedive, "writing to the newspaper to know how to win a woman. Why the deuce doesn't he toss her his handkerchief?"

"Perhaps the dog of an unbeliever has no handkerchief," suggested Dthemetri.

Ismail made no answer, for his attention had been attracted by something in another column.

"What is this?" he exclaimed. "Do my illustrious eyes deceive me? Pyramid of Cheops? Cleopatra's remaining Needle? British contractors? Token of Egypt's sincere respect and admiration for America? What's all this, Dthemetri? By Allah, that obelisk at Alexandria I don't part with just yet. Why, it's absolutely unique. Bismillah! but I'm not giving away obelisks this year. D'ye hear me?"

"The justly indignant words of your Highness are comprehended by the humblest of his slaves," replied Dthemetri. "I don't understand it. It is probably a piece of the chique of the insolent Western dogs."

The disingenuous Greek lied like Sheitan when he affirmed that he did not understand the matter. At that very moment he was in the pay of the British contractors, conspiring with them to rob Egypt of one of her most precious relics of a glorious Past.

"Well," said the Khedive, "put a steel trap at the foot of the obelisk, and give orders to bowstring any suspicious characters found prowling around in the neighborhood."

"To hear is to obey," said the Greek.

"And, O Dthemetri," continued Ismail, "go to Mussch Ali, the little hunchbacked tailor in the bazaar of Bab-el Hadid, and see if the procrastinating thief has finished my new scarlet trousers of satin from the looms of Samarcand. By the Prophet, but the scarlet will become my legs!"

## II.

Dthemetri left the presence of his master in a dejected mood. Many piastres were to be his, could he secure the Khedive's consent to the removal of the obelisk, and thus put much gold in the pockets of the opulent and respectable firm of British contractors.

The decided utterance of the Khedive on the subject of the obelisk was a sad set-back for the wily Greek. His reward was contingent upon the success of the scheme. No obelisk, no piastres for Dthemetri. As he wended his way through the narrow, busy streets of El-Kahireh, towards the shop of the little hunchbacked tailor, he revolved the affair in his mind, and straightway determined the course to be pursued.

Dthemetri stopped at the telegraph-office next the Mosque of Hassan Ain, and scrawled off the following cable-message, couched in the figurative language peculiar to Oriental diction:

"The fat is in the fire. Old Duffer won't budge. Only hope is in eighteen—nine—thirty—six—fifteen—cow—ibis—straddle—three—Thothmes—pitch dark—gammon—full-moon—mathematics. Wire answer immediately."

Translated by the code previously agreed upon by Dthemetri and his employers, the cipher portion of this dispatch meant: "Hire New York newspaper to work up local sentiment favor project. Announce public-spirited but anonymous citizen will pay whole expense of removal. Send over glib-spoken Yankee to represent to Khedive that America has set her heart upon having obelisk. May jockey him into it after all. Is good-natured when full of wine."

The scarlet trousers of Samarcand satin were finished, and Dthemetri made glad the little hunchbacked tailor's heart by a present of fifteen paras over and above the amount of the bill.

## III.

About a month after the events already narrated, there appeared in Egypt an American Journalist of easy and fascinating manners, fine address, and conversational powers that made him a welcome guest at the tables of the Cairene aristocracy. He sought and easily procured (through Dthemetri) an audience with the Khedive.

Ismail Pasha was charmed with the suavity and *savoir vivre* of the American Journalist. He invited him again and again to dinner, and finally insisted on his taking quarters at the vice-regal palace, and living in luxury at the expense of the Egyptian treasury.

"I have never before been in Egypt," remarked the Journalist one evening, after the third bottle, "but I have always entertained the highest admiration for the country and its institutions. That sentiment is not so much founded on the magnificent history of the land as upon its modern achievements. I consider Egypt one of the most highly civilized countries of the world, and I consider your Highness, if you will permit me to say so, a greater man than any of the Pharaohs."

"I am really very much obliged," said the Khedive, filling his guest's glass and his own.

"Your wines are admirable," continued the Journalist, "and go far to cover the slight defects which an educated taste perceives in the management of your cuisine. I notice that your cook falls into the error of frying the anchovies which he serves. This is a grave gastronomical solecism. You ought to let me send you a *chef* from New York. I have one in mind who has no objection to going into Egypt, and who would be worth his weight in gold."

"You are very kind," said the Khedive, filling his own glass and his guest's.

"That sentiment of affection for Egypt, of which I was just speaking, is not confined to myself personally, but it is almost universal in America. My fellow citizens watch your administration of Egyptian affairs with amazement and pride."

"Dthemetri," said the Khedive, "see that the gentleman has plenty of wine."

An acuter observer than Ismail Pasha might have seen a wink pass between Dthemetri and the Journalist.

"Yes," continued the latter, "we Americans reverence the antiquity of Egypt and rejoice in its modern spirit of progress. Your Highness's recent gift of unexampled magnificence to New York has done much to cement the feeling of international amity. I refer, of course, to the obelisk."

"But," interrupted the Khedive, "I have never—"

"We know that you have never paraded your generosity, nor sought to magnify the gift. For that reason it is all the more appreciated in America."

"But, I am afraid you have been deceived—"

"Oh, no," put in the Journalist, "one could not be deceived in the extent or spontaneity of the enthusiasm that followed the announcement of your intentions. When I left New York the city was ablaze with excitement and gratitude. Your name will be revered in America along with that of George Washington."

The Khedive arose from his divan and began to pace the room. "After all," he thought, "what is an obelisk more or less? What a pity it would be to disappoint so fine and friendly a people as these Americans seem to be. I will—but no, I'll wait till to-morrow when my head is clearer."

But what was it that had caused the Journalist to start from his seat while the Khedive walked the floor? Why did his face flush first with admiration and then turn pale with envy? Why did his eyes follow the Khedive's legs with a hungry, half desperate look? Why did he forget all about his mission, all about the necessity of diplomatic self-restraint, and all about the favorable prospects of success?

Ismail Pasha perceived the emotion of his guest, and divined its cause.

"You admire my trousers?" he asked. "They are rather a nice thing. Samarcand satin, and cut by an artist. They do set off a symmetrical pair of calves, even if I say it myself."

The Journalist gasped out an inarticulate exclamation of assent.

"Though I have many pairs of trousers," continued the Khedive, "in my wardrobe at the head of the marble and bronze staircase, there are none to compare with these. I wouldn't part with 'em for half a kingdom. Good-night."

## IV.

That night, in Dthemetri's slumbers there glistered a golden vision of many piastres.

That night the Khedive's dreams were of America and of America's admiration for himself. When a menial brought him his morning chocolate, he had made up his mind to let the obelisk go.

That night the Journalist arose from his sleepless couch and stealthily left the room. A devil that he had never mastered urged him to a deed of base ingratitude and dishonesty. He stole in his stocking-feet up the staircase of marble and bronze. He opened the wardrobe-door and crept in unnoticed by the sleeping guard. Even in the Egyptian darkness within the scarlet trousers shone resplendent. It was too much. A vertigo of moral weakness seized him. He tore down the fatally beautiful garment from its hook and fled from the room, from the palace, from Cairo, from Egypt.

This is the reason why an astutely planned scheme failed almost in the moment of its success, and this legend of the Nile teaches the impolicy of sending a man with a moral weakness to do delicate work in diplomacy.

A MAN doesn't want to be deafened, brass-foundry like, every time he enters a place for a quiet quaff and chat. "I say, ring, Tom, ring, what are ring, you ring, goin' to ring, have?" "I'll ring, try ring, ring a ring, drop of ring, ring, mountain ring dew."—*Richmond Enquirer*.

"QUARTER, quarter!" shrieked an exhausted Turk, falling upon his knees and holding up his clasped hands beseechingly toward the pursuing Cossack. And the Cossack, who was fighting in the cause of humanity and Christianity, felt the appeal and answered it. He quartered him.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.



## Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.  
BY FRANK BARRETT.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.

(CONTINUED.)

### CHAPTER XXXI.

A CAB stopped in Charloey Street towards the end of May, and there followed a thundering knock at the door of No. 30.

Hugh was working near the open window, and, looking out to see whether the visitor was known to him, he saw Charlie Brock. Hugh took the picture upon which he was working and turned its face towards the wall. He set up a landscape, and had just completed the substitution as Brock, in his usual headstrong manner, burst into the room.

He asked a dozen questions without waiting for replies before he gave Hugh time to ask in return why he was so soon returned from Italy.

"So dull, my dear boy; nobody there now; couldn't stand it; not a soul to speak to excepting hotel *garçons* and dirty models. All right at first—lots of fellows, capital fun, the native all in his glory. By George, old fellow, your cousin must be a marvel! Introduced to her friend, M. de Gaillefontaine. Didn't see her—no one knew where she was; monsieur said she was indisposed. It's my idea he knew no more than the rest of us. Queer little fellow, monsieur; stands about that height; got a beak like this. Call him the marquis; but, by George, if appearance gives the title, he should be an emperor. All the boys mad about René Biron. I don't know how many portraits of her they have sent into the show, but leaves in Vallombrosa are not more plentiful. All manner of stories about her; some say she's married to the Frenchman."

"Married!"

Yes; and it looks like it, too. He accompanies her everywhere, receives her guests when she is absent, holds the money bag, and kicks up independently all round. You know she has come to England?"

"Yes."

"Well, she seems to be running as fast here as she ran in Italy—if not faster. What's the matter, old boy? You look as down in the mouth as though it was your money she's making ducks and drakes of. You had not any idea of marriage and shares in the estates?"

"No. But isn't it depressing to hear of a creature perfect in beauty 'running fast,' as you call it? A girl only personally lovely seems to me as a sky would seem without stars, with nothing to tell of the mysterious beauty beyond, nothing to hope for, nothing to stir the soft, low harmonies of our nature."

Brock was quieted more effectually by Hugh's manner than if he had entreated him to be silent. He looked at his old chum suspiciously, wondering whether he had fallen into the clutch of religious fanatics, or whether he was "sickening" for any malady. He turned the subject at once.

"I daresay you're right. Of course it is to be deplored that the best statues are only fragments," he said. "Haven't you begun work yet?"

"I've been at work a couple of hours."

Charlie Brock looked into the picture he was seated before, and then held it sideways to the light; again looked at Hugh suspiciously, and then said:

"You clam! this pot-boiler is as dry as ever it will be. You shan't treat me as an outsider.

I'll see what you've been working at before I leave the place, wherever you may have hidden it. What do you mean by concealing your stuff like a great shame-faced gal?"

He was rummaging round the room and getting near the wet canvas. There was no avoiding discovery, so Hugh went to it, saying:

"This is the work. Hang me if I know why I should conceal it! Yet somehow an instinctive impulse leads me to conceal it whenever a fellow comes here. Don't you know what it is to feel in regard to certain things that they should be sacredly secret—things that you would not have vulgarized by common inspection, not subjected to thoughtless criticism?"

"I can't say I ever felt so about my own work; always been too poor to feel sentimental; but I can understand a fellow with deeper feelings than mine being jealous of other eyes seeing his work, and wishing like a lover to keep his darling solely to himself. And I respect such a sentiment; and so, old chap, we won't look at your picture, after all; but we'll have a pipe and talk about the boys. The native has got two things in the Academy; you saw them, I suppose? He left Italy directly I got there; mad about your cousin of course; going down to the kick up next week. The Frenchman's forgotten to ask me, yet I told him I was a chum of yours. Have you heard of the affair? Just as unique and remarkable as the lady who gives it—operas, *bals masques*, and all the rest of it. Jason and Lomax have been painting scenery for a bijou theatre; and from their description I should think the place is a Bohemian's paradise and nothing less. I came back last night. Didn't see you at the club. The fellows told me you were down on your luck, and less constant in your attendance there. I shall come and sweep your cobwebs away; I have no studio yet. Are you working much?"

"Pretty steadily."

"Landscape?"

"No, figure."

"Who's the model?"

Hugh had the canvas upon the easel, and was touching up the background; Brock on the other side of the easel, smoking, and wondering much at the silence of his friend.

"Come and look at my work, Charlie; perhaps you will know who my model is."

Brock crossed to Hugh's side, and, as he caught sight of the portrait, exclaimed, "René Biron! your cousin!"

"Is it like other portraits of her?"

"Yes; except in the expression. Others are vivacious, wild, daring; yours is altogether pensive, and almost sad. Her eyes here look as if they were filled with moonlight; in all other portraits they are suggestive of volcanoes and other devilish fires."

"Then I have been more fortunate than other artists, who have not seen her more beautiful mood."

"Is she sitting to you now?"

"No; she sat to me when I did not know who she was, at the time when she was missing from Italy."

"That is consistent with the general account of her behavior. What a mad little wretch she must be! And how did she discover herself?"

Hugh briefly recounted the particulars of that last interview, with anxiety to know what construction his friend would put upon René's behavior. As he concluded, Brock exclaimed:

"Just like them; they're all as jealous as cats with a mouse. And since that pretty little display you have seen nothing of her?"

Hugh shook his head as he laid aside his brushes with a sigh. He lit a pipe, and, turning to Charlie Brock, nursed his knee, and said:

"Now, Charlie, you shall be a listener, and I will do the talking. I will have it all out—all that has been constantly bothering my mind

since that interview—ah, and before! It will relieve me as tears ease a woman's heart. I am in love with this girl; not in the ordinary way."

(What man loved, well who did not think his passion superior to any that ever before animated man's heart? was Charlie Brock's unspoken comment.)

"I love too deeply to make a heedless marriage, as most men do who are infatuated with a beautiful girl, without reference to the future. Knowing her no better than you and others know her, I would not marry her; knowing her as little as I know her, I would still not marry her."

"Then your opinion has altered since the interview in which you made the unconditional surrender of everything."

"My love has deepened. It existed then, but was overpowered by a grosser passion. The purer love is dominant now to the exclusion of baser feelings. I should not again debase myself and her."

"According with my opinion—which most men would share. You said nothing which your cousin's behavior did not justify. But perhaps you possess facts which are unknown to us."

"I have been told things, certainly, which most people don't know," said Hugh, with a light laugh. "For example, I am told that she is not my cousin at all, but the daughter of M. de Gaillefontaine; and that they are two adventurers who, knowing the particulars of my grandfather's family relations, imposed upon him."

"Good heavens!"

"And I am told that Gregory Biron found out their duplicity, and, revoking his will in their favor, made another, leaving his property to me."

"You are joking."

"Not a bit. I've seen half of the will—sufficient to make me believe that I am legally the possessor of Riverford; and I was told before René Biron, or whatever that girl's name may be, sat for me, that she would attempt to inveigle me into a marriage, in order to retain the position jeopardized by the loss of that half will, and a third party's knowledge of its existence."

"Well, I cannot see how you square your pure love for the girl with a knowledge of these characteristic peculiarities. But possibly you don't believe what you hear."

"Something of this I am compelled to believe. I have actually seen the half will which led her to visit me."

"By George, it was a fortunate thing for you that her devilish jealousy got the better of her, or you might have been hooked! Phew! what a nice young party for a wife! But I am still puzzled to understand how you reconcile yourself to the belief that your love for such a girl is more than a mere sensual passion."

"It is because I believe her to possess noble and beautiful feelings far outweighing the faulty dispositions of her nature. Every day that she sat here I saw in the expression of her face good contending with bad; and sometimes I incline to think that her last exhibition was not mere jealousy, but a really virtuous indignation against me for what she considered a vicious pursuit of an innocent woman. It was that varying expression of her face which rendered me unable to make a definite portrait whilst she sat. This likeness I have painted in her absence, and from the memory of the expression that gave her face a beauty which none could see without worshipping. Look at this face, and tell me if that pure loveliness could dwell together with a soul of infamy."

"My dear boy, I fear your love is common to most men who fall to physical beauty. What man, especially with poetry in his heart, converses with a beautiful woman and does not im-



mediately invest her with virtues which she would blush to arrogate? Fortify yourself against this syren, not by closing your ears to her song, but by opening your eyes to her deformities, and remembering that you are a man and a rational thinking animal. Keep your eyes upon her claws."

"But look at this face—it is hers!"

"And differs as all must that are not from the life. It is bad work and untrue to nature, I'll swear. Why, how could you paint your memory of that face without giving to it the expression your fancy suggests? One might as well try to paint Guy Fawkes without his matches and black eyebrows. Couldn't do it. Undeceive yourself, Hugh, old man; and regard your feeling for this girl as no better than it is."

"I would run my palette-knife into this painting that, morning and night, I sit before and love, if my feeling were not holier than you believe it. If I were not convinced that there is something to love in that woman, I would have done with this picture, and feel it my duty to get her and all thought of her away from my mind."

Brock looked at Hugh in silence for a few minutes, smoking and marvelling over the simplicity of the tall, lean friend whose sweet, kind eyes rested on his picture, and then he said:

"It is astonishing how thoroughly a man's disposition tinctures his works from the least to the greatest. In loving or painting you are the same. You take it into your head that all Nature is gray or brown or purple, and you will paint her complexion no other color; and you take it into your heart that there must be a lovely soul behind the lovely mask, and nothing can shake your constancy. I am as vacillating as you are steadfast; but the same principles apply to me. I will alter my picture a dozen times in a day, in deference to the opinion of other fellows; and I shall get to think René Biron an angel if I listen long enough to you, though common sense tells me you are wrong. Are you taking any steps towards recovering your property?"

"Oh, dear, no. The same voice that tells me I am an heir declares my cousin an impostor, and I believe neither statement at present. Had I not seen René, the case might have been different."

Brock insisted upon his friend dining with him, so Hugh left his picture without putting a stroke to it, and with a sigh.

In the evening Mr. Fox called at the studio, and was disappointed to find Hugh gone. He had sacrificed respectability to effect, and had disarranged his linen and the nap of his hat for an evidence of the desperate attack upon him. Moreover, time pressed. Every moment was of importance. He knew that de Gaillefontaine would not passively submit to defeat. The woman of the house did not know Mr. Biron's private address; all she could tell was that he would be in his studio on the following morning about ten o'clock. Mr. Fox left his card, with, "I will call to-morrow morning: my business is pressing and important," written on the back of it.

[To be continued.]

PANORAMAS of the American Rebellion are now being converted into "Dioramas of the Russo-Turkish War" with neatness and dispatch. One man and a pot of paint can change half a mile of American Rebellion into that much Oriental War in less than a day, if he doesn't go out too often for refreshments. The artist's most difficult task is painting fierce moustaches and wild eyes on the Confederate soldiers to make Turks of 'em.—*Norristown Herald*.



### Puck's Triflinges.

Two buttin kids—A young goat-fight.—*N. Y. Commercial*.

NEVER look a gift chestnut in the worm-hole.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

ELI PERKINS should be put under oath—and kept there.—*Worcester Press*.

"MILES is Latin for soldier." What is Howard Latin for?—*Worcester Press*.

THE regular Virginia toper, drinks more punctually now than ever.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

TWENTY-FOUR-BUTTON buckwheat-cakes will be much worn this winter.—*New York Herald*.

IN these days of literary piracy it is a wise pun that knows its own father.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

It is shinning around corners to avoid meeting creditors that is sapping the energies of this generation.—*Newark Call*.

CHIEF JOSEPH was surprised to find Miles in front of him. He was thinking of Howard, and knew he was miles behind him.—*Worcester Press*.

THE Boston Traveller sees only one good thing about the Democratic majority in Ohio. "It's a good one to decrease."—*Worcester Rewey*.

NOBODY can tell how many disputes for the front side of the bed have been settled by moving the bed into the middle of the room.—*Worcester Press*.

"BOILING hair in a solution of tea will darken it," says an exchange; but some folks don't like to have their tea darkened in that way.—*Worcester Press*.

"THERE is one good thing about Satan," remarked a Detroiter the other day, "he never weighs the drivers as he sends out his coal."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A ROCKLAND young man of æsthetic tastes, when discussing the European war in the presence of ladies, alluded to them as Cowgarian atrocities.—*Rockland Courier*.

ALCOTT says that the first sign of old age is loneliness. But it is easier to conceal loneliness than a bald head, especially if you occupy an orchestra chair.—*Boston Globe*.

SHARKS won't bite a swimmer who keeps his legs in motion. If you can keep kicking longer than a shark can keep waiting, you'll be all right.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE Richmond Enquirer intimates that the people of the South love Gen. Geo. B. McClellan. Well, why shouldn't they? He never hurt any of them.—*Norristown Herald*.

WELLS sunk in the chalk outside the London clay are very bountifully supplied. How pleasant to pump one's milk from one's own well, and be sure it's all right!—*Boston Advertiser*.

WATTERSON mourns in the *Courier-Journal* that the "Porte is weakening." It always makes Henry unhappy to hear that, no matter what the particular tittle is.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

"DARLING, kiss my eyelids down," is the latest moonsnare song; and he kisses them down, and up, and crosswise, and all around, and then settles on her mouth as a steady thing.

SUPPOSE some one starts a losing bank for a change. As nearly all the savings banks lose, perhaps a losing bank would save. The experiment is worth trying, anyhow.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE day isn't far away when the man who requires a bond before he can fill an office or a place of trust will have to hunt this country with a fine-tooth comb to find signers.—*Detroit Free Press*.

TWENTY-FOUR button gloves are in. A bashful young man requested to fasten one will have time to express himself, to say nothing of the valuable practice for the future stove-pipe.—*Unknown Exchange*.

BANKS may "bust" and "go up," but we defy them to get any of our money to soar with. We deposit our spare change with delinquent subscribers and none of them will ever go up.—*Whitehall Times*.

It was not until the Mexicans began cutting up that the common public learned that there were twenty-two elbows in the Rio Grande river. She ought to be able to drink herself dry.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"It costs each resident of New York city \$28 a year to be governed."—*Ex*. That has reference, doubtless, to single men. No sensible woman would undertake to govern a man at that figure.—*Easton Free Press*.

A MAN in Waterford, Pa., has sold his wife to his brother for a few bushels of grain. As a commercial transaction this is not strictly legitimate; but it is something, perhaps, that the helpless lady is kept in the family.—*Rochester Democrat*.

GOLD hair-pins are the latest. They cost \$9 per dozen. But when we come to consider the fact that they are likely to effectually keep the cook's golden locks out of the butter and hash, it doesn't seem like a very big price.—*Fulton Times*.

It is generally well enough to let the children go on imitating their elders and thus acquiring a taste for the duties of life, but when they get to playing doctor and dosing the baby with bed-bug poison they should be gently checked.—*Worcester Press*.

THE majestic stride of Great Cæsar was but a tottering pace in comparison with the lofty tread of an impecunious young man when he first passes through a street which he has opened to himself by paying a small bill on either side.—*Worcester Press*.

A WASHING-MACHINE peddler of three years' standing, who makes his headquarters in Burlington, wears with pride a watch-guard made of various sized shot, which from time to time have been picked out of his back and legs.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

A TIPSY book-agent declared that he and Neal Dow drank brandy and water together on a Sound steamer. When he was confronted by the wrathful apostle of temperance, the fellow explained that he drank the brandy and Dow the water.—*Worcester Press*.

YOU can't always judge by appearances. The young fiend in human form who recently jalaped the watermelons at a Sunday-school picnic proved to be the same boy who always sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers," with the greatest warmth and fervor.—*New York Weekly*.

A PLATFORM orator calls his lecture "How to Gain Wealth." There are several ways of accomplishing this object. One is to over-issue stock; another is to "raise" insurance scrip; another is to get elected president of a savings bank; and a fourth is to charge two hundred dollars a night for a twenty dollar lecture.—*Norristown Herald*.



A NEW bracelet has a tiny music-box concealed in the clasp. This will assist vain young ladies in "putting on airs." The Worcester Press says the beauty of such a trinket is that a fellow must have it pretty close to his ear in order to hear it. But who wants a box on the ear?—*Norristown Herald*.

It was Benjamin Franklin who remarked, "Avoid all arguments at home." When Mrs. Franklin asked Benjamin to go out in the yard and split an armful of kindling-wood, instead of entering into a controversy over the subject he would put on his hat and go down-town to see a man. Thousands of husbands of to-day avoid arguments at home by adopting the same method.—*Norristown Herald*.

A DEMOCRAT on the corner the other night, said that the South was solid, and went on from a serious view of affairs to say that Southern alligators gobbled up a Republican with great avidity. The radical replied by stating that this was because a Democrat was unfit, morally or physically, for death by mastication. There is a lesson in this for sober contemplation, and we think of establishing a Sober Thought Column.

SOCIAL LIFE IN WISCONSIN.—They are having "mum sociables" at Waupun, for the benefit of the churches. An admission fee is charged, and after the ladies and gents are all in, they must not speak. When all are seated about the room, the lights are turned out, and when one of the party squeals the lights are lit, and she has to tell what she was squealing about. If she refuses to tell, then she is fined two shillings, which is usually paid by the cuss that sits next to her. It is said to be better than a succotash festival.—*La Crosse Sun*.

WELCOME, stern winter; come in thy icy mantle clad. We love the winter. There is rest and peace and freedom from apprehension in its frigid reign. Then, when you are invited to a friend's to dinner, to meet a few strangers, he can't put a red-hot ear of corn twenty-nine inches long on your plate, and leave you to wonder how under the sun you are to eat it.—*Hawkeye*.

WHEN it was announced in Colorado, the morning after the recent election, that female suffrage had been defeated, every married man in the State stood up before his wife and swore an awful oath, as round and strong as a Limburger cheese, that he had voted for the amendment; but as their protestations and the votes in the affirmative don't agree, their wives are as yet undecided whether to keep them under the bed a few days longer, or bring 'em out and contest the election.—*Brookville Jeffersonian*.

THE Indiana papers are making a great fuss about a man in Valparaiso who recently picked up a horse and carried it across the street. The Burlington *Hawkeye* rather scoffs at the idea. "It is easy enough," it says, "to pick up a horse if you know how. The best way is to let the lines get under his tail, and then lift. And it will surprise you to see how easily you can raise the horse clear over the dashboard and into your lap.—*Boston Globe*.

DOWN at San Diego, when the heathen or the stranger utters treason against the climate, the populace turn out *en masse*, and, from a lofty sense of duty, gently, firmly, dispassionately—yea, even kindly—take bodily possession of the offender, and, lashing a Texas Pacific railroad car about his neck, consign him to the bottom of the great deep—drown him in San Diego Bay. The waters of the harbor close in above the unfortunate's corpus, and the commerce of the world continues to sail majestically over the spot, all unconscious of the sublime tragedy enacted there.—*Santa Barbara Press*.

PHOTOGRAPHER—"Now, sir, if you'll look a little less as though you had a bill to meet, a little more as though you'd been left a legacy, you'll get a picture."—*Tattle*.

THE Montreal *Witness* says that a physician in that city is restoring the faculties of an idiotic child by lifting depressed portions of its skull. Now is the time for the Republican party to erect a derrick with grappling-irons over the head of Stanley Matthews.—*Worcester Press*.

OUR readers have doubtless read of the mysterious circumstances of a Pittsburgh lawyer having been drugged and sent to New Orleans. And if their hearts go not out to New Orleans, in this its great affliction, they never transacted any business with a Pittsburgh lawyer.—*Oil City Derrick*.

THE following colloquy took place in a barber shop not more than a thousand miles from the corner of Clark and Washington Streets a day or two ago: Bulldozing barber—"Have your hair cut to-day, sir?" Customer—"No, sir." B. B. (while fumbling among the locks)—"Very long, very straggling, sir; comes clear down to you coat-collar." C.—"All right; I'll have the collar moved down." End of the colloquy.—*Chicago Times*.

MORGAN, of Nineteenth Street, was quarreling with his wife yesterday morning, and threatening to let her hit him with a press-board, and then jump in and lick all her family traits out of her, when his mother-in-law quietly walked in and laid her hands on him, but not in the way of kindness. And as he looked around he said, "Foreclosed by a second mortgage."—*New York Herald*.

YOU may talk as much as you please about man being able to accomplish anything he undertakes if he sets about it in earnest—we demur. When it comes to scratching the back dead square between the shoulders, a fat man has to let out the job. He may pierce the ocean wave with the lightning's flash, make fraud an honored profession, get up a telephone that will carry Russian names without bending the wire, but he comes to an impassable stone fence sometimes.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.

THEY were what the world calls "engaged," and they were going to visit some of her relatives thirty miles distant. Two railroads ran to the home of the latter, and the lovers were undecided which to take.

"There is a long, dark tunnel on the Q— road, isn't there?" she innocently asked.

He said there was.

"And none on the B— line?" she further inquired.

He said there was not.

"Then let's go by the way of the Q— road," she softly murmured.

And they went.—*Norristown Herald*.

## PUCK'S

# Pictorial Department

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

HAVING completed all necessary arrangements, and in compliance with numerous requests, the publishers and proprietors of Puck take pleasure in announcing that they have opened a

### GENERAL

## DESIGNING OFFICE,

where the services of the best artists in America, including those of the distinguished cartoonist,

### Mr. JOSEPH KEPPLER,

are employed in furnishing all kinds of Illustrations, in the most perfect style, on short notice, and at reasonable rates. The

### Theatrical Profession

will find it to their especial advantage, in arranging for

### LITHOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS,

to apply at this office, where Mr. JOSEPH KEPPLER is in personal charge of the department.

Address,

Puck Publishing Company,

13 N. WILLIAM ST.,

NEW YORK.



**VOLKS-GARDEN-THEATRE**

199 &amp; 201 Bowery, betw. Rivington &amp; Delancy Sts.

MRS. A. P. FALK.....PROPRIETRESS.

THE CHEAPEST, MOST ATTRACTIVE AND DELIGHT-  
ING VARIETY-THEATRE IN NEW YORK.Open all the year round. New Artists every week. Four hours  
of entertainment every evening.

Commencing at 8 P. M. Admission 10 Cents.

Balcony and Orchestra Seats 20 Cts. Seats in Boxes 75 Cts.

**ABERLE'S TIVOLI THEATRE,**

8th Street, near 3rd Avenue.

The finest and most comfortable Variety Theatre in the city.  
Opera, Ballet, Pantomimes, Vaudeville, Farces, and Gymnastic  
Performances.

FIVE HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT.

Admission, 25 cents. Reserved seats, 50 cents. Reserved seats  
in Boxes, 75 cents. Balcony, 15 cents.

MATINEE EVERY THURSDAY, ADMISSION 15 cents.

The Tivoli is the best Variety Theatre for families.

**PORTTRAITS,**

37 Union Square, New York.

ELEVATOR.

**Grand Vin Médaille**

CHAMPAGNE.

**A. LALANDE & CO.**

CLARETS.

**EMIL SCHULTZE,**

35 BEAVER STREET, NEW YORK.

**M. METZ,****Pamphlet & Book Binder,**

8 NORTH WILLIAM ST.

Pamphlet binding of every description and Pass books for banks  
a specialty.

Personal attention to everything entrusted to my care.

**In Memoriam Brigham Young.**

To supply the demand for the above-named  
illustration, depicting the "Mormon's Empty  
Pillow," and owing to the fact that the edition of  
"PUCK" containing it has been entirely ex-  
hausted, the cartoon has been published as a  
single sheet, and can be obtained from any  
newsdealer in the country.

"PUCK" PUBLISHING CO.,

13 North William Street,

New York.

**JUST OUT****PUCK'S  
Illustrated Almanac.**

(GERMAN.)

8vo. 160 pp. boards.

EDITED BY

LEOPOLD SCHENCK and GEORG ASMUS.

WITH

100 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

JOSEPH KEPPLER.

Price, 35 Cents.

**PACHTMANN & MOELICH,**

363 CANAL ST., NEW YORK,

OFFER GREAT BARGAINS IN  
WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, STERLING SILVER AND  
TRIPLE PLATED TABLE WARES.  
WEDDING AND HOLIDAY GIFTS in endless variety at close prices.Our stock is entirely fresh, having been made since the robbery  
in June last and has been produced at the lowest possible rates.  
Diamond mounting a specialty.—Repairing in all its branches.  
ESTABLISHED 1858.

Letter from SIR HENRY HALFORD, Captain of British Team.

GARDEN CITY HOTEL, CREEDMOOR, September 17th, 1877.

Messrs. Wm. S. Kimball &amp; Co., Rochester, N. Y.:

GENTLEMEN—Pray accept my best thanks for the package of Vanity Fair Tobacco which I found here yesterday. It is the  
best tobacco I ever smoked, and will be a great source of enjoyment to me on my western trip.

Believe me, yours truly,

H. S. J. HALFORD.

**BARGAINS!****BARGAINS!****D. KELLY'S  
CARPET & FURNITURE WAREHOUSES,**

512 &amp; 514 8th Ave., Cor. 36th St., and 414 6th Ave., Cor. 25th St.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

CARPETS, CARPETS,  
OIL CLOTHS, CURTAINS, CURTAIN RINGS, RUGS, SHADES, CORNICES, MATTINGS, OF ALL DESIRABLE DESIGNS.  
FURNITURE. FURNITURE.

CHOICE PARLOR, LIBRARY, BED-ROOM AND DINING ROOM SUITS; COTTAGE SUITS.

ALL GOODS MARKED LOWER!

AND THE LARGEST AND FINEST ASSORTMENT TO BE FOUND IN THE CITY.

**PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.**

PRICE \$1.00 EACH.

FOR SALE AT "PUCK" OFFICE,

13 North William Street, New York.

**BACK NUMBERS OF PUCK**

CAN BE SUPPLIED ON DEMAND.

ADDRESS,

OR,

Willmer &amp; Rogers News Co.,

31 Beekman Street,

NEW YORK.

Publishers "Puck"

13 North William Street,

NEW YORK.

**MEN'S, BOYS' & CHILDREN'S RELIABLE CLOTHING**

No House offers Superior Styles, a Larger Assortment, can or will give a Better  
Article for the Money than is offered at

Nos. 398, 400, and 402 Bowery, Junction of Third and Fourth Avenues, N. Y.

**TRAPHAGEN & COMPANY.**





1. In youth, he took a striking position among his companions.



2. And made his maiden speech at an early age.



3. Then he retired for study and contemplation.



4. Emerging thence, into public life, he may be said to have been the first politician to step into office and wealth through the "Ring."

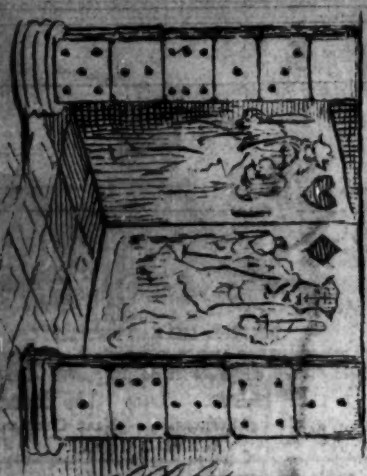


5. Receiving a majority of votes, he got into Congress.



6. Where he became popular by ordering bills, etc., to lie on the table.

Will you walk into Mr. PARLOR and see Spider in the FLY.



9. Then he built him a Club-house.



7. He was the friend of the workmen—who don't want to work.



8. He was not a member of the Tweed Ring—therefore, he opposed them.



For Senator MORRISSEY FREE FARD.

For Senator MORRISSEY REFORM.



11. Being a man who called himself by the work of his own hands he asks the suffrages of his fellow citizens.